Thou hast cald me all these bitter names,
Q.Mar, Why so I did,but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. Tis done by me, and ends by *Margret*.
Thus haue you breathed your curse against your selfe.
Q.Mar.Poore painted Queene,vaine flourish of my for-
Why strewst thou Sugar on that botled spider, (tune:
Whose deadly webbe insnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetst a Knife to kill thy selfe,
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse that poysoned bunch-backt Toade,
Hast. False boasting woman, end thy frantické curse,
Least to thy harme thou moue our patience. (mine.
Q.Mar. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd
Ri. Were you well seru'd,you would be taught your duty.
Q.Mar. To serue me well,you should doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects,
Obserue me well and teach your selues that duty.
Dors. Dispute not with her,she is lunatique.
Q.Mar. Peace master Marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant:
O that your young Nobility could iudge,
what'twere to loose it, and be miserable?
They that stand high,haue mighty blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash them to pieces.
Glo. Good counsell marry, learne it,learne it Marquesse.
Dors, It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea,and much more, but I was borne so high.
Our Aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde,and scornes the sunne.
Q.Mar. And turnes the Sunne to shade,alas, alas.
Witnesse my sunne,now in the shade of death,
Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudy wrath,
Hath in eternall darkenesse foulded vp:
Your Aiery buildeth in our Aieries neast.
O God that seest it, doe not suffer it:
As it was wonne with blood,lost be it so.
Buck. Haue done for shame, if not for charity.
Q. *Mar*. Vrge neyther charity nor shame to me,

Vncha-

Vncharitably with me haue
And shamefully by you my
My charity is outrage, life m
And in my shame shall liue
Buck. Haue done.
Q.Mar. O princely *Buck*
In signe of league and amity
Now faire befall thee and thy
Thy garments are not spotted
Nor thou within the compass
Buck. Nor none heere, for
The lips of them that breath
Q.Mar. Ile not beleeue
And there awake Gods gen
O *Buckingham*,beware of y
Looke when he fawnes he bi
His venome tooth will rankl
Haue not to doe with him, be
Sinne,death,and hell,hath se
And all their ministers atten
Glo. What doth shee say
Buck. Nothing that I respe
Q,Mar, What dost thou
And sooth the diuell that I
O but remember this anothe
When he shall split thy very
And say,poore *Margret* was
Liue each of you, the subiect
And he to you,and all of y
Hast. My haire doth stan
Riu. And so doth mine, I
Glo. I cannot blame her, b
Shee hath had too much w
My part thereof that I haue
Hast. I neuer did her any
Glo. But you haue all th
I was too hotte to doe some
That is too cold in thinking
Marry as for *Clarence*, hee is

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37